Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him Percy, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd, but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of Mortimer,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle. *Enter Wor.*
Hot. Speake of Mortimer,
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule,
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part, Ile empty all theſe vaines.
And ſhead my deare bloud, drop by drop in the duſt
But I will lift the down trod Mortimer,
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.
Nor. Brother the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turnd an ey
Trembling euen at the name
Wor. I cannot blame him, v
By Richard that dead is, the
North. He was, I heard the
And then it was, when the vnl
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God p
Vpon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he intercepted,
To be depos'd, and ſhortly mu
Wor. And for whoſe death,
Liue ſcandeliz'd and foully ſpo
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, d
Proclaime my brother Morti
Heire to the crowne?
North He did, my ſelfe did h
Hot. Nay then I cannot bla
That wiſht him on the barren
But ſhall it be that you that ſet
Vpon the head of this forget ſu
And for his ſake weare the dete
Of murtherous ſubornation?
That you a world of curſes vn
Being the agentes, or baſe ſeco
The cordes, the ladder, or the
O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo
To ſhew the line and the predi
Wherein you range vnder this
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in
Or fill vp cronicles in time to
That men of your nobility and
Did gage them both in an vniuſ
(As both of you God pardon
To put downe Richard that ſw
And Plant this thorne, this can
And ſhall it in more ſhame be
That you are fool'd, diſcarded,
By him, for whom theſe ſhame

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